

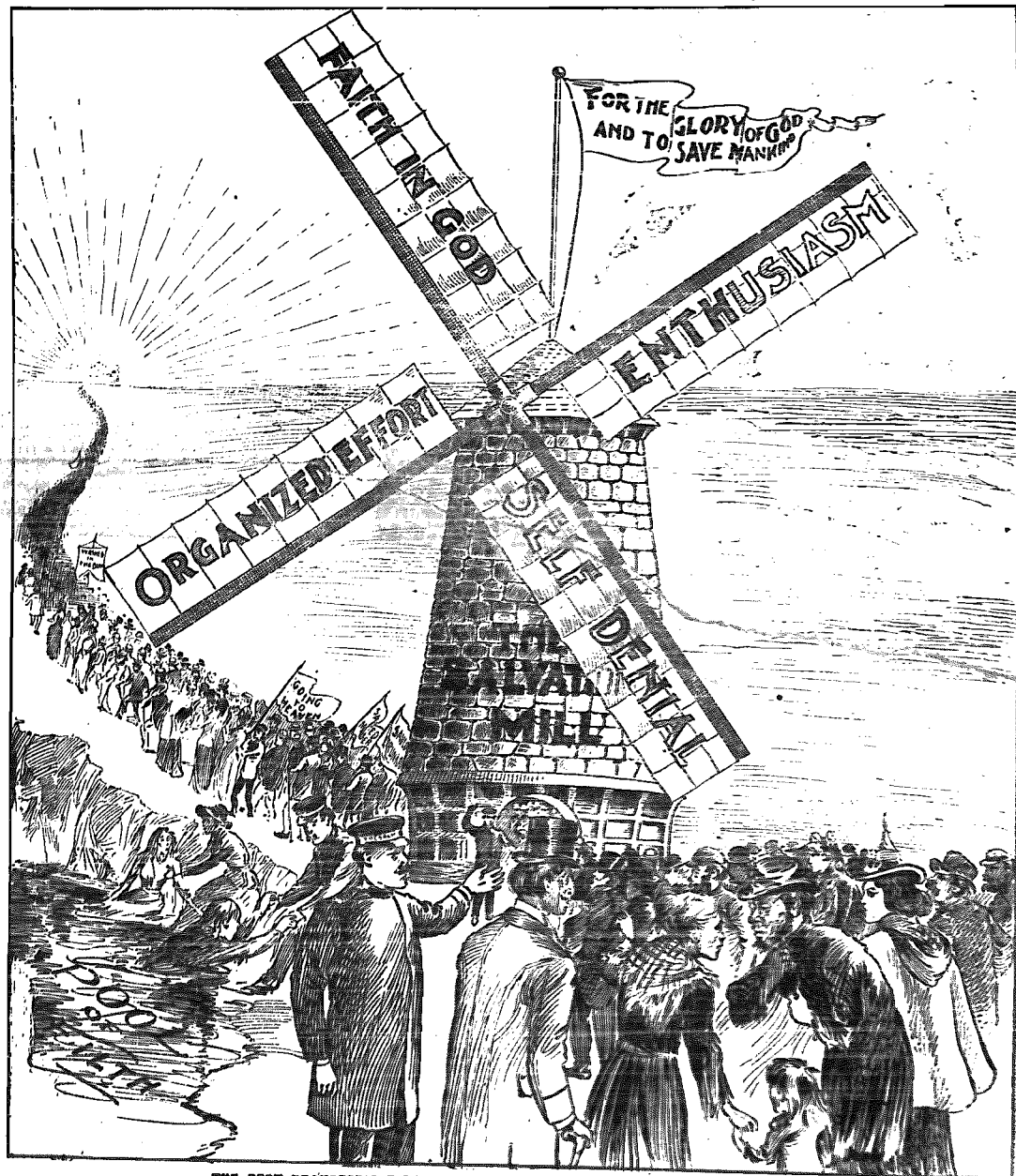
SALVATION IS THE PANACEA FOR THE
WORLD'S WOES.

SELF-DENIAL Manifests Salvation, and sends it
to the dark corners of the earth.

WAR CRY



VOL. XII. No. 10. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 7, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS



THE BEST TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN THE WORLD—AT THE SALVATION MILL.
Full particulars to be obtained on application to any Officer of the Salvation Army throughout the Territory.

The Salvation Mill.

TID-BITS FOR S.-D. TIME.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD
BACK FROM BRITAIN.

HOLINESS.

THREE PROFITS FROM ONE
INVESTMENT.

About 25 or 30 years ago, I came across an old Testament that was about (this one is English), and amongst other pieces was one entitled "The Salvation Mill," which I made use of in a Band of Hope meeting. Some time later the same occurred to me, and the thought flashed across my mind, why not substitute "Salvation for Testaments." Of course, I had to change the language of the several chapters considerably. In the original the opening stanza commenced as follows:

"Two jolly old toppers once met in an inn
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.
This will give you some little idea of the character of the mill."

Tune—"Vikings and his Dinah."

TWO pentitent sinners sat tired of sin.
Discussing how best a new life to begin.
Said the one to the other, "I'll tell you what, Bill,
I've been hearing to-day of the SALVATION MILL."

"THERE'S a wheel in this mill that they call SELF-DENIAL,
They turn it a bit and give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,
You're very soon cured in the SALVATION MILL."

BILL listened and wondered; at length he cried out,
"Why, Tom, if that's true what you're telling about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting still,
Let us go and examine the SALVATION MILL."

THEY gazed with astonishment; there came a man.
With excess and disease, his visage was wan;
He knelt at the form, gave his heart with good will,
And went in for a turn in the SALVATION MILL."

HE quickly came out the picture of health,
And walked briskly on in the highway to wealth;
And as onward he pressed he shouted out still,
"Success to the wheel of the SALVATION MILL!"

THE next that went in was a man and his wife,
Who for many long years had been living in strife;
He had beat and abused her, and swore he would kill,
But his heart took a turn in the SALVATION MILL."

FOR when he came out, how altered was he,
His conduct, how changed, how happy was he.
They no more contend, "No, you shan't," "Yes, I will,"
But they're blessing together the SALVATION MILL."

THERE next came a fellow as grim as a Turk
To curse and to swear seemed his principal work;
He swore that that morning his skin he would kill,
But drunk as he was he REELED IN TO THE MILL."

AND what he saw there I never could tell,
But his conduct was changed, and his language as well;
I saw when he went round the brow of the hill,
He knelt and thanked God for the SALVATION MILL."

THIS vile were made clean, the weak were made strong,
The penitent's sorrow was turned to song;
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,
At length they went in for a TURN AT THE MILL."

A LITTLE time after I heard a great shout,
I turned round to see what the noise was about;
In a great Army march were Thomas and Bill,
Both shouting, "HURRAH FOR THE SALVATION MILL!"

T. K. FULLERTON,
Baudemans, Calgary.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

It is the look at the Saviour's cross that redeems us. It is the patient abiding of our own that endures in "working out" our salvation.

Sacrifice is the way to sanctify, and suffering is the most effective road to sufficiency.

Now think! It has not been the most pleasurable portions of your life which have added most greatly to your spiritual achievements. Your test gifts spiritually have been given at the altar, not at the throne; in exchange for griefs, sufferings, and crosses, not for joys and pleasure.

Would you be master of yourself in great things? Begin to practice self-denial in the little ones.

WHAT are you living for? There is a great question in the answer to which you will find the best assurance as to how you will die. Have you given your life to God? Did you give last week to Him? What is the purpose of your labor; whose is the wealth you have amassed? It is not yours. Of that you may be certain. At the best you can hold lease of it, and the lease will last no longer than you last, and how long you will last you cannot say. Truly, then, to be living for self! Will you on Self-Denial Week present your life, your all?

STRANGE we should wait till we die before discovering that it was better to give than to get, for certain it is that just in that moment before the spirit takes its flight, our supreme anxiety will be to know not how much we have got but how much we have given. Give, therefore, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when those possessions which are now in thy power to bestow, shall be no longer thine.

DON'T forget to say "Thank you" to the Almighty. We are everlastingly saying, "If you please, will you give?" Let us not forget to add, "I'm very much obliged!" Millions of mercies come to us. We absorb them and say nothing. One approach to us and we groan vehemently. We win a thousand blessings and think it not worth a word. We consider it a small thing. Ninety-nine days we walk about in a state of thanklessness, and on the hundredth day we are struck with a sick headache, or a diseased organ, and we imagine that the Lord has fallen to us in displeasure. We are prone to think that we live by right, we forget that we exist by GRACE.

Moses, when called to be the medium by which God's law should be made known to the children of Israel, was prepared to see God by a fast of forty days and nights. Elijah, ever the last of the great prophets, was called to the great deeds of his life, had sharpened his spiritual conception by a forty days' fast. Daniel, feeling the time almost at hand for the restoration of Israel, set his mind to pray and fast to hasten the deliverance he yearned for. Job, when confronted by infernal allies, proclaimed a fast through Judah, and set his kingdom to seek the Lord. Paul and Barnabas, and the other apostles, solemnized the appointing of elders, or those selected for special work in the churches by prayer and fasting. And even Jesus, under the weight of a ministry which was to proclaim hope to mankind, set Himself to see His Father's face, and through an experience unique in His history. So to you and to me comes this Self-Denial Week as if to embody the monstrous wants of the world, and call us to special prayer with God and special self-sacrifice on His behalf.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quaker.

Been Treated Like a King—
Tells a Glowing Story of
the Army in England.A Corps with 1500 Soldiers
and Recruits—Big Doings.

"THE AIR OF ENGLAND is good and bracing," so said Adj. Archibald, when he sat in the Editorial Room, on his return from the Old Land, in reply to a remark I passed about the exceedingly robust appearance he presented, physically.

The Adjutant and his wife, whose health has been considerably recruited, have had two months in England. They have been accorded the usual royal treatment which a Salvationist from a distance is sure to receive from the Army in Britain. The Adjutant is highly enthusiastic in his account of the Salvation Army in Britain, and thinks we can learn a few things from them with great advantage to ourselves. He spoke of that magnificent corps at Clapton Congress Hall, which has 1500 soldiers and recruits, and gets its seating capacity of 5000 filled every Sunday night. "It was a sight, as we swept towards the Congress Hall, at the head of a great march, with a brass band of 30 pieces, controlled by Burgess (one of the boys who visited Canada with Bandmaster Appley). By-the-by, Burgess has developed into a remarkable character, about equal to the world-famed Appley."

"Then," said our Adj., "continued the Adjutant, 'they DO go in for that. Almost every person stays to the prayer meeting, and they literally pull the glory down. I have seen ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty-six souls saved at a time. Oh, it's GLORIOUS.' The Adjutant's eyes glinted and his face beamed as he spoke. "I did my little in the Self-Denial and specialising line. Wherever I went, as soon as it was discovered that I hailed from British Columbia, I was hailed to the front and treated with the utmost heartiness. In the Staff Council, led by the Chief, I would have kept at the rear, but was called up near the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Howard, and others. I confess I felt embarrassed, but they were so hearty and free with me I could not but feel easy, and when they prayed I forgot all else. Commissioner Howard said the people in London. Everything is done on a big style, the Army is full of life and enthusiasm, and a great mark has been made on the public. One proof of that is the way police arrest progress of all traffic at the busiest corners of busy London—the busiest place in the world—to make a way for the Army's procession to pass."

The Adjutant presented a very military appearance, wearing only mountebank on his face, and dressed in the latest style cap and Canadian overcoat, as named by the Chief of the Staff. The overcoat is of a greyish blue, and has cuffs, shoulder straps, and a strap at the back, in regular military style.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—Spenser.

I saw a little child along the road,
And when its tiny feet with faltering
Its parents flew to lift it, — so does
God.

"AND IF I bestow all my goods
to feed the poor, and I give
my body to be burned, but have not
love, it profiteth me nothing."

The law of Divine love should be the ruling power in our lives and motive for action. The throbbing, beating, pulsing, quickening power of the love of God, reaching out His hands and arms of sympathy and love, to His precious lost ones. Self-Denial is EVIDENT in THREE WAYS: It glorifies God, helps our fellow-creatures, and means growth in spirituality. Power with self-denial follows a daily denial of self and taking up of cross. Paul was willing to count all things loss for Christ, "that he might know Him and the power of His resurrection." It is thus to rid us of newness of life there must be a Gethsemane and Calvary in one's experience. To those who are willing to die to self and sin, self-denial becomes a joy, a pleasure, a light. Divine love is the power that brings us through the cross showed Christ to the world. If we possess the Christ Spirit we, too, shall yield up our lives in acts of self-denial for the sake of others.

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

A. ROWAN.

SAVED THROUGH VISITING.

Brother Charles Perry, Inverness, Cal.
Saved and is Taken Home.

In a very humble home, unfrequented by people of a respectable class, lay a young man some weeks ago, upon whom the ravages of consumption might be plainly seen by the observing eye. In his home none were Christians, none attended a place of religious worship, and no one had prayed with the family about precious souls for many a day. But some six weeks ago our officers, in obeying the Divine command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," sought admittance to this home. Being gladly welcomed, they dealt with the family, and with the young man who was particularly, about their souls, telling the story of free grace and dying love. He finally warring all to prepare to meet God, and when man did not realize how dangerous was his condition, physically, or that he was even then sealed for death, but he was convinced of his sin, and after a definite seeking of God

THE LIGHT BROKE IN.

and from that hour our brother was truly "a new creature." All sinful habits were gone, and praises to his blessed Redeemer occupied the quickly falling strength. Asked by one of the officers (both of which visit of him frequently shortly before his death) if he dreaded to die, he replied, "Oh, no! I am ready. Come, Jesus." During the past week the death angel hovered for him, and Brother Charles Perry, now among the glorified, praising God and those who lovingly led him to the Saviour.

As we gathered to the funeral, and looked around upon those who had gathered there, I was so glad that there are those who, like our Master, are "no respecter of persons," for if our poor brother would have had very little chance of finding his way to Heaven. Surely the eternal state of the one soul—if it nothing more were accomplished — will repay well all the labor and sacrifice involved. Many hearts were melted as Captain and others poured forth the "wonderful words of life," and said a number of prayers for that humble grave in the "potter's field," to get saved at once.—M. K., Reg. Cor.

The man who attempts to oppose the advance of God's kingdom is in the position of the yelping cat that tries to frighten a locomotive by jumping against it. In the one case the cat is overborne; in the other, the locomotive is so much that the cat is scattered over a considerable territory.

The - General IN AUSTRALASIA.

LOOKING FOR THE FLAG.

THE RECEPTION PARTY who kept watch at Hobart for the General's arrival consisted of Commissioner Coombs, Chief Secretary Kibbey, Provincial Secretaries Bailey, Peart, and Glover (the latter the Tasmanian D. O.). Excepting during the time spent in prayer and Bible reading, the Commissioner kept someone trotting "to see if the flag was up." From the tops of the electric tramcars, from the government offices, or wherever else business carried them during the day, the same careful look-out was kept, but all in vain, until they felt like using the language of Brigadier Rothwell, when, after watching for some days on the last occasion of the General's visit, lost patience, and declared, "If the flag doesn't go up soon I'll go and put it up myself."

"THE FLAG'S UP."

COMMISSIONER COOMBS was the first to see the signal flag announcing the sighting of the "Rimutaka," and he was soon on his way down Hobart's immense harbor to meet the steamer. He carried numerous letters and telegrams of welcome to the General from all parts of Australasia.

HOBART'S SPONTANEOUS WELCOME.

AS THE GENERAL was only passing through Hobart on his way to New Zealand, it was Commissioner Coombs' intention to receive him privately and quietly, and give him a public reception on his return. The Tasmanians, however, wouldn't have it that way; they had also watched for the flag, and rolled up to the wharf in such numbers as to prove most eloquently what a hold the General has on the populace. One enthusiastic passenger, as the ship neared the wharf, evidently reading the thoughts of the waiting crowd, shouted out,

"BOOTH'S ALL RIGHT!"

It was a clear moonlight night, and as soon as the Salvationists caught sight of the fall of their leader on the upper deck, they gave three ringing volleys, led off by Colonel Kibbey.

As soon as the preliminary inter-viewing ceased, the General was introduced to the Hon. Mr. Bird, who is a soldier of the local corps, and dresses in full uniform. Side, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dobson, invited the General to be their guest for the night.

THE GENERAL stated that the first object of his visit to the colonies was "for the purpose of seeing my own people, to see what is being done, to console with them, to help and to inspire them to try and do even more than they have done in fighting with vice, misery and devilry. I have not come on a begging expedition for land or money, excepting such money as will advance the work in these colonies."

WHEN Colonel Lawley caught sight of Colonel Kibbey at Hobart, he broke into song, thus,—

I'm happy to meet you again,
I'm happy to meet you again,
I'm saved through and through,
I hope you are too.
I'm happy to meet you again.

Try this to the tune of "Let the dear Master in."

OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

After a good night's rest on shore the General was aboard soon after 7 a.m. for sailing to New Zealand. The Hon. Mr. Bird, Speaker of the House, and Mr. H. Dobson, leader of the Opposition, came down to see the General off.

It is expected that an arrangement will be made for the General to meet the Tasmanian Ministry on his return to Hobart. The Hon. P. O. Fysh sent the following letter to the Commissioner:—

Colony of Tasmania, The Treasury,
September 28, 1895.

To Commissioner Coombs:

Dear Sir,—On the arrival of the General, I think the short hours he will have to spare are the property of his people.

I shall do myself the honor of awaiting his arrival on the pier, and if in the interim I arrange for a ministerial interview, and the General finds it convenient and desirable, a half-hour may be profitably spent with ministers.

If in all instances the religious character of his mission does not arouse interest and sympathy, yet as a Christian philanthropist his work and his message must ever be with all, promulgating of high importance, as to find a response and welcome in all right-minded hearts. Yours truly,
(Signed) P. O. FYSH.

Commissioner Collier, in reply to the question, "Have you any message for your old and new comrades?" said, "Yes, I send them my love ten thousand times. I am well saved, and thoroughly happy in the service of Jesus and the Salvation Army. I am a Salvationist through and through."

The Very Latest Re THE GENERAL.

The General in Wellington, NEW ZEALAND.

One Third of the Population Crowd the Wharf.

Tremendous Social Triumph, with the Premier Presiding.

122 Seekers at the Day with God.

(By cable.)

The General's campaign opened in Wellington with an unprecedented welcome at the wharf upon the arrival of the "Rimutaka." The General was received with open arms, fully one-third of the entire population turning out to greet him, the Maoris being well represented. Mayor Luke, on behalf of the citizens of Wellington, received the Army's founder.

The welcome meeting on Tuesday evening in the Opera House was a magnificent time; Sir Robert Stout, the General's host, presided, and the enthusiasm was unparalleled.

The day with God on Wednesday, also in the Opera House, and the soldiers' council in the Jewish street barracks, on Thursday afternoon, were the occasions of wonderful salvation avalanches, some 122 seekers coming forward.

Thursday night's Social meeting was a fitting climax to a superb series of meetings. It was a veritable triumph. The Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, presided, and was supported by the Colonial Treasurer, the Hon. J. G. Ward, Sir Robert Stout, a large number of the members of both houses, and many leading citizens. The speeches delivered were remarkable in their sympathy



with the Social scheme. The Opera House was packed to excess, hundreds being unable to gain admission. The crowd was more enthusiastic than ever.

The General's address was a superb effort, his graphic description of "the social miseries of the people and their remedies" carrying all before it.

The Colonial Treasurer proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Sir Robert Stout, and carried amidst a burst of wild enthusiasm.

The tide of full salvation is flowing freely.—Australian Cry.

The General at Christchurch.

MAGNIFICENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION!

131 SOULS FORWARD.

(By cable.)

The General is evidently entering upon a record-breaking campaign. He had a magnificent reception on Saturday. Immense enthusiasm was displayed, and the cry "profoundly stirred."

The Soldiers' Council was blessedly fruitful. Mayor Cooper presided at the welcome meetings in the Opera House.

Sunday's meetings were superb, the General speaking with wonderful liberty and power. The Holy Ghost moved visibly upon the people. Extraordinary crowds attended every meeting. The General was assisted mightily by God, conviction ever increasing as he vividly, and in graphic fashion, depicted the judgment before the great white throne.

The prayer meetings were marvelous times, the crowds being gripped as never before. Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Lawley handled the reins alternately. Colonel Lawley and Major Main's songs and passionate pleadings produced wonderful effects. The flood-tide of salvation bore 131 souls into the harbor. Hundreds more are coming. Pray for the General.

—Australian Cry.

SIX newspaper reporters got an interview from the General in his cabin as soon as he arrived at Hobart.

THE GENERAL was unqualified in his praise of Australasia's magnificent Self-Denial total—\$15,000 above '91.

THE GENERAL, although weary with travel, said his health was as good as when he left England.

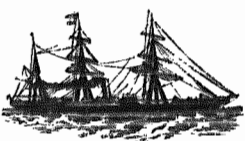
DURING his African tour the General travelled 3,000 miles in 17 days, spent only five nights in bed, and held an average of two meetings daily.

THE GENERAL denies the common statement that "newspaper men have no souls." He spoke friendly and feelingly to the reporters at Hobart about their eternal interests.



The Hon. Cecil Rhodes,
Governor of Cape Colony.

Just before leaving South Africa the General had a very interesting interview with the Hon. Cecil Rhodes. Premier, who offered the General all the land he needed for the Over-Seas Colony in Matabeleland and Mashonaland.



THE S.S. RIMUTAKA,
in which the General sailed from Albany.

Up-to-Date Work in Toronto

Drunk at the Drumhead, but
Sober ever since.

A Ligar Street Capture, and
How He Fell.

Brother Bond, the subject of our sketch, was found working away at his trade, that of a tailor, on the afternoon I visited him. I had come for a few facts about his life, and told him so. He gladly let me have all I wanted, in the hope that it might be of use to the kingdom.

As is the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred, he wasn't brought up a drunkard by any means. His mother was a Methodist, and looked well after his early training. She died last March at the age of 93.

"HER LAST WORDS WERE FOR ME,"

and Brother Bond. He first began to drink heavily when he came to Canada. This was how it happened: He was working as a tailor in Bradford, Ont. One day a city doctor "busted" his joints, and called upon Mr. Bond to get them fixed. While this was



being done, he kept tugging away at a bottle of brandy. Of course he DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK HOGGISH, so he offered the tailor some. He yielded, and took three or four drinks. Tailor Bond was unaccustomed to this, and in a short time "couldn't see a hole through a ladder." This was his first fall, and, as he says, "I didn't care so much after that what I did."

He married a good girl, a member of the Methodist Church. She used to sing in the choir. While at Newmarket he first met the Army. He remembers well the excitement and the great laughing of souls. He used to go sometimes. He has made many an Army suit for the soldiers. But he still kept away from God. He used to be known as the "Model Boy," and used to teach a Sunday school



class in the Bible Christian Church away across the water, but now he forgot, or at least wouldn't hearken, to the voice of God. Oh, the sad mispent days of Brother Bond's life!

Before his wife died, on April 27th last, he promised her he would get better and

MEND HIS WAYS.

He was sincere, too, but soon after she died he got drunk again to drown his sorrow. His companion, Mr. McFarlane, more familiarly known as "Sandy," was just as bad as he was for the drink, and together they earned and spent their money. At last a change comes. One night they both came home drunk, and says Brother Bond to Sandy, "Let's go to the Army," and off they walked to the Ligar Street barracks, only to find

From Mrs. Booth's Office Table.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(My Motto.)

AS VIOLINS in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er

When mended and in skilful hands
Make sweeter music than before:

So oft the heart by sorrow torn
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song

Than that which greets us in our morn.
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

"Oh, blows that smite! Oh, hurts that pierce,
This shrinking heart of mine!

What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work Divine?"

"Perfect through suffering." — Heb. ii. 10.

"With fond love, and sympathy,
and confidence."

So writes a Itesue Officer.

"We were delighted to visit the Montreal Rescue Home," writes one with enthusiasm. "It is a credit to the Salvation Army! The officers are real diamonds, and the work most genuine. Truly, we could not help but weep for joy. The design is doing good service, too, among those who have no one to care for them. SERVANT-GIRLS—she is mothering and preventing them."

Here is A CONFESSION of self-surrender that ought to find an echo in the heart of many a woman whom God has called to help us: "I feel so strongly there is work for me to do among the poor lost ones. I have not thought about them much, because then I feel like starting at once. So I did not allow myself to dwell on the many girls who I know are slipping down to damnation—girls whom I might save. When I remember how I have been putting the thought of their rescue away, I feel so utterly unworthy of the love of Christ. Who drew me out of the mire and clay of a sin-cursed life. Oh, Mrs. Booth, if it is possible, LET ME GO!"

A dear lady sweetly writes: "I have much pleasure in aiding you in your work of self-denial, of which I don't think YOU WORKERS ought to have any of the burden laid upon you, and to help you in your portion I enclose this cheque."

From a touching letter—full of self-conquest and self-denial—from Mrs. Major Jewer the following is a fragment:—"You will want to know how I am getting on? I scarcely know. I do know God is keeping me, but apparently my life is darkened. This time last year not a shadow possessed my pathway. We had difficulties—many of them—but we shared each other's joys and sorrows, and so were able to go through with joy. But I must not brood over my grief. I am



it closed. A little boy came to their assistance, and told them the Army was having an open-air meeting over on O'Hara Avenue. They were both staggering, but off they went. Without waiting for an invite, Brother Bond, closely followed by Sandy,

BROKE THROUGH THE RING

and fell at the drumhead. Said he, "I want to give my heart to the Lord. I want to get saved." The officers saw they were in earnest, lost no time in asking who and what they

striving TO LIVE* ABOVE SELF: Striving so hard to be bright and cheerful for the sake of those around me. Our work is blessed and owned of God. He has given us good cases of conversion. Our barracks is full, and we are packed out on Sunday night, no room for all who come. . . . We were up all night with baby, and Jimmie had the crop, too, but he is better, but I almost dread the thought of winter for baby. But I must be patient and murmur not."

In a tremulous handwriting comes the following letter from over the sea, penned by THE AGED FATHER OF STAFF-CAPTAIN JONES, a venerable Christian of eighty-two years: "I am much shaken by our great loss," he commences, alluding to his daughter, who was the idol, almost, of his heart, "but I am deeply affected by the devoted care and attention shown my darling. . . . With regard to the inscription, 'Faithful unto death,' I am so well satisfied with it that I would not add a letter. We know that among the many lies in the graveyard, this statement is the truth. My sorrow is indeed great, but not without hope. Our loss is her unrepentant gain." He concludes, plaintively, "I am suffering greatly in the nervous system. My hands are terribly shaky."

Here is a remarkable letter from one of those rescued from unrepentant depths of sin through the Army's agency. She writes in an exultant strain thus: "I am now a missionary AMONG THE INDIANS. I like my work very much, though it has discouragements like every other work. I often wish you were here. (Oh, dear, the girls' tongues are going at such a rate!) I have charge of the laundry and of all the side of the building. We have about forty-two boys and thirty-seven girls. . . . My past experience has made me sympathetic with others. I often think of how you understood me. I am so thankful God has used me to win souls to the Salvation."

"I believe," says MRS. BRIGADIER SCOTT, "the dear old ship will go on sailing faster than ever, and that this Self-Denial Week will eclipse everything else. . . . Our little ones are getting on nicely. Gentle is quite a little girl now, full of life and go. I believe she will make a proper Salvationist. If God spares her to us, Baby has not been so well, but is doing nicely now. We are praying much that God will give us wisdom and patience to bring them up to the true warriors of the Bowyer League. I crave more strength to help in this glorious war. God is giving us victory. Hallelujah!"



were, but pointed them to Jesus. Ere long they both sobered up sufficiently to be able to give definite testimonies to the saving power of God. This happened on a Saturday night a month or so ago, and thank God they stand to-day.

Two lessons bear themselves home to our hearts through the above incident. One, God still saves the drunkard; and two, don't neglect the open-air.—Evelyn Atwell.

[OUR SHORT STORY SERIES.]

SELF-EXILED!

A RESCUE INCIDENT.

Self-Denial helps Keep Open
a Refuge for Girls like
those in this Story.

A FIERCE STORM was raging in the heart of Nellie Rome, as she stepped over the threshold of her father's home, literally turned out into the world, into the bitter, wintry blast, with her tiny infant in her arms not yet two weeks old. She knew she deserved it all. Had she not brought disgrace and shame upon them? Had not the family pride been wounded in its tenderest spot by her sin? Even her mother's cold, scornful glance and cutting words now, she merited, and yet, as the sleigh bore her over mile after mile of the country road, and the familiar surroundings faded from sight, she felt she still had something to live for. She could have to be banished from home, but not to part with her darling babe. She had indignantly refused to give him up when that had been offered as an alternative.

The cold, white snowflakes fell upon the baby's upturned face. She looked to see if it was still sleeping. A look at the sweet, innocent face seemed to ease the cruel, stinging pain at her heart, and a fierce determination to devote and herself and all for his sake took possession of her. She might none for her sin in this way; for forgiveness she hardly dare hope. After reaching the great city and staying for some months in one of the charitable institutions, she heard of the

ARMY RESCUE HOME.

and came seeking admission with her child. The hot summer weather had set in, and her darling began to droop as a faded lily day by day, as she watched beside the cradle. She saw the dark eyes were growing more heavy, the tiny hands more waxen, the fluttering breath get weaker and more labored. Then the cry burst from her poor wounded heart. "Oh, if mother would only come!" She had tried to be brave so long. Now, if only some one would help her. The long days and nights passed by. No mother came. The Itesue Officers had shared her vigil at the baby's side, and spoken the sweet words of hope and comfort that had so often been spoken to her fell into a broken and a contrite heart, and the Saviour of sinners blotted out the black past and filled her soul with Divine love and consolation. She went out bravely and confessed her sins in the Army barracks, and came home to take her place by the baby's side, with life and peace beaming on her countenance. He has more than made up to her for the loss of human love, and she finds in her own experience that "He bleaeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." A. D. C.

GENTLY AUSTRALIAN.

In the light of present-day events, the following extract from one of "Crawford's" famous situations is worth re-publishing.

Colonel Lawley gently trots round with the General. He wants to come to Australia, and says he'd like to do a meeting at Cow Flat. He'd knock 'em all right. He prays in an awful tone, just like a dog worrying sheep, and when he's on the pitch giving his experience he works it off crying fashion, as if his mother had died. He has a round, jolly face, like a town hall clock, an' except when he's piling in the heavy stuff, he's always laughing and singing, and full of devilment. He's just the kind that'd go down at the Flat. I told him he could have a shake-down in my humpy if he ever come—him an' his missus an' the young ones.—Australian Cry.

LORD BRASSEY, the new Governor of Victoria, Australia, is also in entire agreement with the spiritual method which the Salvation Army employs to reach a class which is outside the pale of all Christian influence.

THE COMMODORE MARRIES.

A Popular Man Married by Major Morris at Kingston.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM GETS A NEW NAME.

A crowded barracks witnessed the wedding of Adjutant McGillivray and Captain Graham.

The wedding ceremony was conducted by Major Morris, who opened the meeting with song. "All the storms will soon be over." After prayer, Mrs. Morris read a few verses from the Bible, giving some good counsel to young and old. Major Morris said he always got blessed at weddings, "especially at his own," and then read the Army articles of marriage, and called those who wished to be married in accordance with them to stand forth. Bravely and fearlessly arose the contracting parties, and in a short time they were made man and wife. Captain Graham, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and the groom was nobly supported by Captain Bird. Ensign Ritchie read a number of telegrams of congratulation. A number of officers spoke, among whom were Capt. Teeple, Capt. Graham, Ensign Ritchie, and Captain Bird, the latter saying he had been with the Adjutant and stood by him when the storms were raging around them on the "William Booth," but now he lauded him over to the tender mercies of his wife's company. Everything went off beautifully. A good number sat down to the wedding supper afterwards. The newly-married couple left next morning for St. John, N.B., when a good crowd of people came to wish him good-bye.

CONSETT.

WEDDED AT LEAMINGTON.

CAPT. RUTLEDGE AND LIEUT. MCCANN.

"He would not dare to journey
Thro' this wide, wide world alone."



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RUTLEDGE.

At last the occasion day dawned. The Baptist church, which was kindly lent for the event, was well filled and the platform seated with a happy lot of Salvationists, when the bridal party entered, amid the firing of volleys and clapping of hands. Then the problem was solved why Captain Rutledge had been looking so happy for some days previous. After singing and prayer Ensign Miles led a short testimony meeting, in which a number of officers took part. Mrs. Miles and Captain Massacre, soloing. Adjutant Cass read the lesson, and gave the parties who were to be united some good "fatherly advice." Brigadier Margotts next read the articles of marriage, and the bridal party stepped forward, Captain Le Drew, of Toronto, acting as bridesmaid, and Captain McDonald, of Chatham, as groomsmen. The "I wills" were said loud and distinct, and Brigadier pronounced Captain Rutledge and Lieutenant McCann to be "man and wife." The groom was asked to sing a solo, and the words of the old song, "I would not dare to journey through this wide world alone," brought the house down, especially when the Brigadier said, "No, my boy, you have



Adjutant and Mrs. McGillivray.

Journeyed long enough alone." I noticed one or two parties who seemed deeply interested in the ceremony, and I should not wonder but some points were taken which will prove valuable in the near future. The many Army friends of Leamington wish the bride and groom every happiness, and the writer prays that the two may be enabled to "put ten thousand to flight."

"JEDIDIAH."

Salvation Newslets.

A program carried out by the Army corps in Tampa, Fla., consisted of singing 100 songs without a break.

Captain Corliss, who has charge of the Social work at Waterbury, Conn., is planning for a busy time in the wood yard this winter.

In a scuffle with some toughs, Captain Wood, of Jersey City, had both hands badly litten. No signs of hydrophobia have yet made appearance.

The W. C. T. U. of Philadelphia have adopted resolutions of indignation in connection with the recent arrests of Salvationists in the Quaker City.

A Cincinnati German paper recently gave nine columns to a sketch of the work of the Army. It also contained a portrait of Mrs. Staff-Captain Bovill.

In announcing Joe the Turk's trip, the word "proposed" is now judiciously used in connection with the dates and towns. Joe is frequently delayed.

A young Frenchette is surprising his friends in Jacksonville, Fla., by sticking to good resolutions made in joining the Army, that he was never able to stick to before.

At Havre de Grace, Md., a man recently fell dead at the open-air stand, just a short time after Adjutant Hunter had been talking to the crowd on the street corner about the uncertainty of life.

The Italian corps in Western Hohen is doing extraordinarily well. The crowds are all that could be wished and the open-airs are good. Captain Natino speaks as though he

was sure a work for God amongst these people was going to be done. They start with 150 Italian War Cry weekly.

Our Headquarters' officers in France all devoted themselves of meat and tea during Self-Denial Week, in addition to their personal donations to the fund.

It has been decided for our work in Belgium and Holland to be united under Colonel Oilplant. Major Palsma has been appointed to the oversight of Belgium affairs, with his headquarters at Brussels.

Ninety more cadets have been commissioned for the British field.

Quite a number of bandmen are among the present applicants for officership in Britain.

France and Switzerland's Self-Denial total is thirty per cent. advance on last year.

There are now almost 6,000 auxiliaries and nearly 2,100 officers in the United States.

Among the recent applicants for officership have been some who have held back for years, but were brought up to decision on Candidates' Sunday.

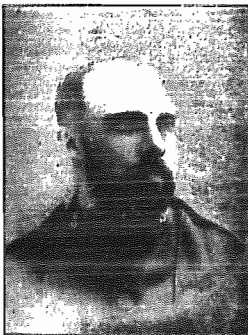
Further news is to hand from Commissioner Combs, saying that the Australasian Self-Denial has now reached over \$70,000. This is \$15,000 ahead of last year.

A young man has just been converted in Paris who speaks five languages, including Spanish. He wishes to become an officer, and it is proposed he should be accepted for Spain.

A special number of 100,000 copies of "The En Avant" is being issued in France for disposal by means of the "Petroleum," a machine which is driven by petroleum power.

The purchase of a hotel has been decided upon in Reykjavik, Iceland, to serve as Headquarters and barracks. It will seat three hundred people and will form the Iceland I corps.

The gold and silver that you have is really the Lord's. He has only entrusted you with the same. The great point is, are you putting it out wisely so that when He calls you to render in an account you will be able to do it with joy?—Major Sharp.



Two Young Men who went West.

They used to be familiar figures in the West, but their feet and grace. The one on the left is Major Smith, in charge of the Western Province. The one on the right is the P.M. of the Pacific Province, Major Friedman. The query is, "Which of the two will come out first in the S. D. Battle?"



FROM OUR D.O'S.

Bob Smith's Latest.

One night when the cadet was playing his corset, a poor fellow came up to the quarters. "The Army music touched his heart, for he had once been a soldier in one of the corps in Liverpool, England. Thank God, he got saved. We have seen three or four come and get their hearts cleansed from all sin, and two backsliders have returned to God. We are going in to do our best for Self-Denial. Our target is \$90. Major Bennett and Ensign Gale will be with us for next Wednesday. A hallelujah wedding is on the boards.—Ensign Bob Smith.

Gale's at Grand Forks, N. D.

"I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, comrades, not to have the action of a rusty back-knife any more, but I will always be ready to be ready to tell the people what God has done for me." A grand lot of testimonies followed this one.

Self-Denial plans laid. United action will win.

"ALTHOUGH I cannot make self-denial of myself come out first, I am going to do all I can that our district comes out white." (Good for you, treasurer.)

"ANOTHER SOLDIER, after reading War Cry report, came early next morning asking to do something to help.

"Yes, here is your card," etc. Looks at it.

"I see. I put my own in this little envelope, and mark down all I collect on the card."

"That is the idea. I'll expect \$25 from you."

"CAN ANYONE help you, Ensign, who are not soldiers?"

"Yes, are there?—I have eight districts, and will be pleased for you to help."

"Which district shall we do? We will not see you beaten by any D. O. if we know it."

"That is right. I took all that in consideration before I stated the fact to the world."

"How do you think your outside corps will do?"

"Real well. I am sure every officer will go away far above everything yet done."

"I see one of the Eastern districts are going in for \$1,000!"

"Yes, I see it."

"How will you manage, yours is only \$900."

"I can only say, 'go up.' A few dollars is not very much for us in North Dakota."

"Do you not feel you will have to play second fiddle?"

"No, I am as firm as ever, and will not flinch. I have my confidence in my comrades thro' the whole district, and just now all are working real hard, sure of victory."

Again, my dear comrades, I pray for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God that will help us to go down upon our knees and talk to God, claim by faith all that He has for us, to make us soul-winners and S.D. winners.

JOHN S. GALE, D.O.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Had a glorious Sunday yesterday. Six souls at night came to the Great Physician for healing. Some people have hinted that Windsor folks are very quiet, and a bit stiff. If only they could have seen Father Kilcup dancing, and the soldiers shouting for joy, and the converts singing with all their hearts they would surely have changed their minds. Hallelujah! Our faith is in the rise for Self-Denial. Through Christ we feel we can do all things—even hit our target.

E. GALT, Ensign.

If, after you've spent fifteen minutes in a stranger's company, he has to ask if you are a Christian, you'd better apologize to God and put a new order in your conversational phone graph.

It will take something more than communion going, baptism performing, amos loitering, cartridge firing or uniform wearing to get a man in to Heaven. It will take a new faith and a life that is hidden with Christ in God.—Pacific Coast Cry.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Self-Denier,



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
unification of the saved, together with the propa-
ganda of Salvation War to all people.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY THE TIME this Cry reaches our readers, self-denial Week will be about completed.

For all those who have shouldered the cross of Jesus in this matter we pray God's blessing.
God's saints will be saintlier, His soldiers more Divinely soldier-like, the wheels of the Salvation chariot will revolve faster, and the cold, cold-of-God world will have had one more "burning bush" in its gaze through this glorious S.-D. undertaking.

That victory will crown our banners is certain, our Lord Jesus will see to that as He has done in the past; indeed, the unity of faith He has created within our borders makes doubting almost impossible.

The General, too, in the southern hemisphere, and his son, our Commissioner here, will have another great, palpable and visible evidence that this wing of the vast Salvation Army is in communion with the other Territories, a living embodiment of those great principles, the practice of which has made the Salvation Army what it is to-day.

VICTORY!

The attempt of Messrs. Albert Britnell, Frank Sexton, Hazel, of Toronto, and Mackenzie, evangelist of the Christian Workers' Mission, Hamilton, to stop the Hamilton city grant to our Social work there, has come to the ignominious end it deserves.

Brigadier Jacobs, Major Collier, and Captain Blakely, and Mr. Binkley, our auditor, went down armed with plenty of evidence, and swept the decks of the opposition. The "Hamilton Spectator," in its editorial columns, used the following just and honest comment: "It was clearly the last evening before the civic Finance Committee that the charges brought against the Salvation Army by its enemies in order to prevent the granting of municipal aid to its philanthropic services were business and unbusinesslike." Further comment is useless. Our work is to save the bodies and souls of men, and we do not deign to spend time and strength in defending ourselves, but when defence becomes necessary, we cannot but rejoice that the Army comes out so thoroughly vindicated in the eyes of all. In conclusion we can only say we are doing a great work and cannot stop to return bite for bite. The Army is God-sent, has the broad seal of Heaven on its world-wide operations, and all but universal benediction of humanity. We are not in fault, but all that we can do for our God and the men made in His image we are doing, and while there is a drunkard in the gutter, a fallen straying, or an arm raised in rebellion against the God we love, here will we go to help and save.

VICTORY, AGAIN!

We congratulate Colonel Nicol and his War Cry staff on their tremendous victory gained in the British law courts. A paper so divinely pointed and pungent as the British Cry is certain to make the devil's side bow. Hence as it should be, and we congratulate our comrades. More power to them. The sword of the Lord and

the Salvation Army is still sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies; and not the least so when it finishes in the pages of the War Cry. The proprietor of the Winter Gardens has had daylight let into his abominable business. Let us hope he will clean his hands, and that others like him who make the way to hell glim may be warned in time.

THE LATEST!

THE \$10,000 CHATHAM LIBEL ACTION.

PLAINTIFF RUNS FROM THE FIGHT!

Triumphant Vindication of
"The War Cry."

The libel action of the proprietor of the Winter Gardens at Chatham, England, against the British War Cry, has ended by the plaintiff running from the fight and leaving the War Cry in full possession of the field.

MONSTER TRIUMPH!

CANDIDATES' BOOM IN
BRITAIN.

A One-Day Total.

The recent one-day effort for 1,000 new candidates huge success, 1,200 volunteers having been enrolled.

The General has held an important meeting with the New Zealand Cabinet.

Grand Forks, N.D., District.

More Advances:

DEVIL'S LAKE CITY taken for Jesus. Grand opening, attention good, outside and inside. "Blind Pig" converted into a Salvation Army hall. Splendid crowds, of real good Army stamp. I heard a gentleman say, "You never see many of them inside a church door." Collections good. When asked to show by raising their hands if they were glad we had come, and if they would help us or no, you would have smiled, Mr. Editor, to see the sight and hear the shouts of "Yes!" Hallelujah to Jesus! The police showed great kindness. The press also promised to do anything to help, and states that the Salvation Army has accomplished a vast amount of good in this country in the past few years, and trust they will receive kind treatment in this city. Mr. Maher kindly gave us the hall free of rent for two weeks for our work's sake. I am sure Captain and Mrs. Westwood will see great victory in this place, and many will rejoice in sin forgiven and sin good and fire soldiers made. — J. S. Gale, D.O.

HARMONIC HURRICANEERS BAND at Thebanon. Marvellous times, crowded buildings, ten souls and fifty dollars offerings. The record beaten.

THE 20,000-acre gift of land to the General, which is to be used for the Army's Social Branch in South Africa, is said to have a beautiful climate, good water, wonderful soil, plenty of wood, and is situated 80 miles from Delagoa Bay.

The Hamilton Grant Won!

THE ARMY VINDICATED.

Mr. Mackenzie of the Christian Workers, and Messrs. Britnell and Frank Sexton met and answered on their own ground.

Grave and Serious Charges Utterly Annihilated!

BRIGADIER JACOBS CHAMPS THE ARMY'S CAUSE BEFORE THE HAMILTON FINANCE COMMITTEE

There is a clique of individuals, mostly ex-Salvationists, in Toronto and the neighborhood, who are enemies to the Salvation Army, and who are seldom behindhand when they imagine a block can be put in the way of the Army's progress.

"New Facts," a scurrilous leaflet, full of misdating statements about the Army, is published with the name of Mr. Britnell, one of these men, upon it. Individuals attending the Army's anniversary in Toronto last June twelvemonth, and the General's meetings later, may remember seeing these leaflets distributed at the entrance to some of the meeting places.

We are not afraid, having long ago proved the truth of that promise, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," and prefer generally to waste no time on defending ourselves, but to go right on with the good work God has called us to do, but the latest attack was made under such circumstances that it was necessary to clear our organization of the foul aspersions cast upon it. This was accordingly done before the Hamilton Finance Committee, the enemies of God's Army being utterly discomfited and the Salvation Army triumphantly vindicated.

In order to be able to make a fairly clear presentation of the case to "Cry" readers we lavished the office of the

INDEFATIGABLE GENERAL SECRETARY.

He was willing to talk, and soon gave us the gist of the matter.

"How did this thing come about, Brigadier?"

"This way. We propose erecting a new barracks and Shelter at Hamilton, and made application to the City Finance Committee for a grant. The Committee viewed the application favorably at first, and recommended that a grant of \$200 be made. When their recommendation came up for discussion, however, an opposition quarter, consisting of Bookkeeper Albert Britnell, Mr. W. Frank Sexton, A. D. G. Hazle, and a Mr. Mackenzie, evangelist at the Christian Workers' Mission, Hamilton, appeared to oppose the grant. They made a lot of charges, of which the following are a sample:—

"Money was begged for the Social work and misappropriated;

"Self-Denial Fund money had been used for buying printing presses;

"The S. A. turns men away from its Shelter if they are a cent short of the price of a bed;

"The Army runs a sweat tailor's and printing shop in Toronto;

"The Working Women's Home, Men's Shelter, and Police Gate Brigade Home are all under one roof;

"The Army property is mortgaged to the highest notch;

"All property is held in the Commissioner's name, in such a way that

he can sell the property and pocket the money;

"That we collect stale meat and bread for consumption by the Shelter inmates, etc., etc., etc."

"At the time these charges were made, Esau McLean, Treasurer, Provost, and Secretary, and our local representatives, who nobly did their part in the light in the newspapers, were unprepared to answer them. They could only speak for Hamilton, so a fortnight's adjournment was secured, during which time we prepared our defence and were quite ready when the occasion offered.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

sat on Friday, Nov. 22. The T. H. & B. Railway occupied the Committee's attention till 11 p.m., then came the Army's turn. Mayor Stewart said the Army should be allowed an hour and three-quarters, the same as the other side had had, as he wanted fair play. Then I opened the case. I affirmed that the charges were of a very serious and grave nature, that they not only affected the Army in the neighborhood, but throughout our Territory, to a certain extent. We had come fully prepared to answer every charge, but must make it a condition that the other side manufactured no new ones as the meeting went on. To this the Committee willingly agreed. It will take up too much of your space, I know, to detail everything, but here are some of the explanations given:—

"Respecting misappropriation of funds, our auditor, Mr. Blakely, fully explained the Army system of cash, showing how every cent has to pass through the books, and how impossible it is, with the Army's system of receipts and vouchers, for any money to be diverted from the purpose for which it was donated. He also produced our balance sheets for the past three years, proving to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind that our cash matters are kept in as good form as those of any business firm in the world.

"The charge of purchasing printing presses with

SELF-DENIAL MONEY

was refuted by documentary evidence proving that the printing presses were paid for out of the general funds.

"As to the property being mortgaged to the top notch, Mr. Blakely showed that quite the contrary is the case, proving conclusively that while the property had increased in value, the mortgage debt had gone down very considerably.

"Respecting the

PROPERTY BEING HELD BY THE

COMMANDANT

so that it could be used for personal

ends, it was clearly shown that the

ies "FOLLOW ME!" ARE YOU now following Him' with ? His Army in Self-Denia ?

property is held by the Commandant, or whoever may be the Commissioner for the time being, only as a trustee, that while he can sell the property, he can only do so in the interests of the Army, and he cannot touch the money for any personal purposes without being liable to prosecution for misappropriation of funds; that the declaration of trust signed by every chief officer before coming into the country is so binding that even the individual's own personal property is declared to be the property of the Army until he can conclusively show that he purchased it with money belonging to himself as an individual, and not as an officer. The letter from Messrs. Hoskin, Ogden, and Hoskin, solicitors, Toronto, conclusively settled this matter.

"That the Printing House was

NOT A SWEAT SHOP

was proved by the following letter from the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91:

Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91.
Office of the Corresponding Sec'y.
Toronto, 15th Nov., 1895.

We hereby certify that the Salvation Army Printing House in Toronto is conducted under strictly union rules, those employed in the composing room being all members of the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91, in good standing; and furthermore, that there has never been any trouble between the Salvation Army Printing House and this Union.

WM. J. WILSON, President.
T. H. FITZPATRICK, Cor. Sec.
T. T. U. No. 91.

"The 'sweat tailor shop' was just as clearly disproven.

"The statement made by Mr. Mackenzie, that the Shelter, the P. G. H. Home, and the Refuge were all under one roof, I also denied. The Refuge was for women, and men were never taken in under the same roof. The P. G. Home and the Shelter were combined under one roof after the civic grant was cut off. As to men being turned away from the Shelter because they had only six cents, Major Collier denied this. Our Army officials, however, knew that people with six cents were sent round as spies, and they give that sort of satisfaction, but genuine cases were never refused, although they were expected to earn the price of their lodging next morning.

"It was 12.30 when we finished. There was a pause; then up rose Mr. Mackenzie (who, it may interest our readers to know, is a brother of ex-Colonel Mackenzie), with a pile of affidavits and some questions in which to ask me. The first question was on a new matter, which I, of course, refused to answer. In this the Committee supported me. The affidavits he produced to support the charges that we refused men at the Shelter unless they had the necessary seven cents, and that the Army paid starvation wages, or no wages at all, lost their weight this. Our Army officials denied that two of them were people we had discharged for very good reasons. I explained one, and there was increasing bitterness in the faces of the opposition when I told the little incident of our wood-yard hand being made intoxicated by someone in order to get information from him that could be twisted against the Army.

"Mr. Britten denied that he had made the man drunk. I did not affirm that he had done so, but it appeared as if some person had done so, as our poor fellow said those words to Major Collier, 'they made me drunk to try and get out of me all they could.' He repeated some charges, and practically abandoned others, but the best efforts of the opposition had very little weight. We had so cleared up every one of the charges laid against us that they must have felt queer, at

least they looked so, and when Alderman Watkins moved that a grant of two hundred dollars be made the Army Shelter it did not take the members long to make up their minds. I tell you, it was a sweeping victory."

ADDENDA.

The following important letters were amongst the evidence for our defence:-

Chief Constable's Office,
Toronto, Nov. 22, 1895.

H. H. Booth, Esq., Commandant, Salvation Army, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Re Salvation Army work in Toronto.

Sir,—In order to enable me to reply to your letter of the 15th inst., respecting the work done by the Salvation Army in Toronto through their several agencies, I asked Staff-Inspector Archibald to obtain information relating thereto which could be verified from police sources and records, and I am now in possession of his report.

It would appear that the Police Department have received practical assistance from the Salvation Army in the disposition of many destitute persons, and the Army Shelter has never refused to take charge of homeless men, women or children when requested to do so by the police. It is also within the knowledge of the Department that the work of rescue and reclamation by the Salvation Army has been successful in a number of instances, and I think they are entitled to much credit for the efforts made in Toronto to suppress vice and induce people to live respectable lives.

As to the Workmen's Lodging House, I understand it can be clearly shown that large numbers of men were provided with food and shelter at a very low cost during the winter, and that in a number of instances work was found for those disposed to take it.

I have always found the Salvation Army and their officials ready to conform to the police regulations in the streets, and I regard the organization as one that is undoubtedly doing good in the community, at least so far as Toronto is concerned.

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) H. J. GRASSETT,
Chief Constable.

City Treasurer's Office,
Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895.

Major Collier, Salvation Army, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Having this morning visited and inspected the Salvation Army Lifeboat Station, at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, Alderman Shaw, chairman of the Executive Committee, and I desire to express to you the pleasure we had in observing the clean and tidy appearance of the premises, and the signs of all hands of careful and efficient supervision. This condition of the institution reflects great credit upon those who have the control of it. We feel quite satisfied that all those who need to be lodged there must be well served by the accommodation provided. Yours very truly,

JOHN SHAW,
Chairman Executive Committee.
DANIEL LAMB,
Chairman Committee on Works.

Toronto Brotherhood of Printing Press Assistants and Federa, No. 1.
Toronto, Nov. 15, 1895.

To all whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that the War Cry Printing Establishment is a Union office, and is recognized as such by the above Union.

JAMES HUTCHINSON,
Secretary of No. 1 P. P. A. F., 223
Adeleide Street West, City.

To Ensign Archibald,
Officer in charge of the Hamilton Prison Gate Home.

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request for my opinion regarding the work accomplished for the year ending 1891 through the Prison Gate Home, I am happy to state my pleasure and surprise over the large percentage of satisfactory cases. Only two of the entire number of men passing from the gaol to the Home have returned to it.

Many of the men who have gone to the Home have come under the head of those usually termed "hopeless cases." This most adds emphasis to the good accomplished.

Wishing you every success,
JAMES OGILVIE,
Governor of the Jail at Hamilton.

FRANK SEXTON'S CONFESSION!

The following is a copy of a confession from Mr. Sexton, which appeared in the Canadian War Cry for 1889, addressed through Commissioner Coombs to the Army:—

Toronto, August 15, 1889.

My Dear Comrades:—
I feel it is due to you and to the Commissioner here he leaves, that I should send a few lines to the War Cry in reference to the recent troubles with a few ex-officers in which I was mixed up. I am deeply sorry that I ever took any part whatever in the matter, and was so foolish as to believe the stories told me without investigating for myself. I never had any animosity against the Commissioner, for he has always proved my best friend, and I am very sorry for any harm I have done the Army, which I loved so, and to which I owe, under God, my salvation. I sincerely trust all my comrades will forgive all the past, as I believe the Commissioner has done, and ask your prayers that in the future I may be kept, and that others may profit by my experience. I am your repentant comrade.

W. F. SEXTON, Jr.

P.S.—I am writing to the General apologizing for what I said about him, and asking his forgiveness.

F. S.

Picked Up Round H.Q.

SELF-DENIAL in the morning, Self-Denial at the noon-hour knock-drill, and Self-Denial at night. Horrah for S-D!

LAST SUNDAY'S SPECIALS: Colonel Holland and Staff Band at Old No. 1; Major Complin at Ligar street; Major Collier and staff at the Temple, and Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips at Riverside.

MAJOR STREETON is suffering from a nasty wound on his leg, caused by a fall from his bicycle.

EVERY MEMBER on H.Q.'s Staff has a target for Self-Denial. We have all caught the fever. We would do D. O.'s any if we championed the whole Territory?

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGREAVES, and their two children, have arrived here from England. They are on a visit to their relatives in Ontario.

COXWATULATIONS, Ensign Holman, Captain Love and Capt. Freeman. Hurrah for the Societies!

MAJOR COMPLIN led a successful musical meeting at the Temple on Thanksgiving night. Staff-Captain Smeaton, Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips helped Kurkville along.

THE STAFF BAND will serenade several of the prominent Army friends in the city in the interests of S-D.

NEW OPENINGS! The intrest are Devil's Lake and Wapeton, North Dakota; Dillon, Montana; Moscow, Idaho; Clarendville, Nfld., and Sydney Mines and Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Roll on, Army chieftain!

OUR SOCIAL A.D. for farm implements brought a gentleman along the other day, who kindly handed over to us a disc harrow. This does not prohibit other like-minded friends from sending along their gift.

MORE S. D. Challenges

The following challenges have come into our office this week:—

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.
Captain Newell challenges all lad and lassie Captains from Halifax to London, Ont.

WOODSTOCK, N.B.

We, the undersigned, challenge any other married officers in the Eastern Province to collect more money for the S-D. Fund, according to the amount of their corps target.

(Signed) J. K. MILLER,
J. M. MILLER, C.O.'s.

WINDSOR, N.S.

We have a population of about 3000 here. My secretary, Sister Blanche Faulkner, wants to challenge any other lassie secretary in the East, living in a place not exceeding 6000, only making one stipulation, that the said secretary will not collect on the main street, as she (Sister Faulkner) will not have the privilege of so doing.

ENSIGN ETHEL GALT.

Look Out, Ensign Gale!

36 St. Andrew St., St. John, N.B.

I have decided to accept Brother Ensign Gale's challenge. I believe St. John, N.B., District will give him a rousing close run! Praying, believing and working for victory!

J. MCGILLIVRAY, Adj.

Folks we Know.

Major Marshall recently did a full week's meetings at Seattle, No. 1.

Mrs. Brigadier Brewer, who has been quite ill for several months, will soon be able to take her place at the front of the fight once more.

Brigadier Hols has just made a trip through the Eastern New York District with Staff-Captain McFarlane. They report the corps visited in a flourishing condition.

Commissioner Ouchterlony intends issuing a territorial magazine for Norway.

The Pure Saturn (Tamil War Cry), India, has been re-started under the guidance of Ensign Arslaniam.

Re THE BRITISH LIBEL CASE.

"The decision of the Master of the Law Court completely vindicated the War Cry, inasmuch as an order was made (1) that the record should be withdrawn and the action discontinued; (2) that the plaintiff withdraw his statement of order that he be submit to an order that no further action be brought in 'respect of the same case; and (4) that the plaintiff pay party and party costs."

The Devil IN THE PRINTERS' INK!

THE ENGLISH CRY, in taking up the subject of bad books, about which this paper had somewhat to say at the time the boy-narrative *Comrades* was tried, makes the following weighty observation:

"The man who sheds human blood is a murderer, and so is also he who hates his brother, but what shall be said of those who suggest such horrible deeds to the half-formed minds about us?"

In the majority of cases the youth who finds himself the inmate of a prison-cell could trace his downfall to the music-hall and to the untrue productions of untrue writers.



"CHARGED WITH MURDER!"

When seeking to rid the world of the monstrosity called a murderer we would do well to reflect on the fact that the red-headed culprit whom justice has hounded to his doom does not represent the whole of the crime committed. See that boy yonder just out of school and making

HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH THE PITCH

which shall presently defile the whole of his being. To-day he is content to snatch a paragraph here and there from the vile production found on a neighboring bookstall, but to-morrow he will buy the penny dreadful or the halfpenny horror and take it home with him to read when no one is by. Among this garbage lie reads of a fictitious life, where men become a law unto themselves, overturning all obstacles to their full enjoyment of earth's pleasures, and always clever enough to avert the punishment which in every-day life would be swift to follow. The restraints of home and school begin to chafe, and by-and-by the public-house becomes the resort of scores of our city lads, whose minds are prostituted by the kind of literature already referred to.

The formation or prostitution of a child's mind is no "little thing," or the Master would never have spoken the words we find recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the man or woman who prostrates the children of our land from the paths of righteousness by means of sensational, gilded lies, as little, if any better than a murderer, for these have power over the body only while they are daily peopling hell!

Social Shreds.

A man in Nashville, Tenn., after reading a copy of "Darkest England," hunted up the Army Captain and gave him a donation of \$5 towards our work.

A tramp who was recently taken in and supplied with food at Cincinnati No. 1, took a valuable corset with him at his departure unknown to the officers.

The Army officers in Freeport, Ill., recently got up a dinner for the poor children of the city, which was much appreciated by the partakers and encouraged by the citizens.

PERSONAL.

Major S. F. Swift has been appointed to take charge of the Auxiliary Department of the Financial Secretary's Office in Great Britain.

Lieut. Currow, of the London Division, left last week for Berlin.

Adjutant Rogers, D. O. of Aberdeen, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Cleverly and Esnig Clayden have arrived in Java.

Adjutant Sekunder returns to India with "Commissaire Bout-Tucker."

Brigadier Hammond and Staff-Capt. Burfoot arrived from Africa last week.

Adjutant Hopper, J. S. Secretary for Scotland, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Christmas is a great time for union of hearts. Several marriages are contemplated then.

Adjutant Erickson, of Iceland, has been in London on business. He returned on Monday, 11th.

Capt. Askew, of King's Lynn, and Capt. Tuttle, of Leicester, Ill., are being transferred to the Light Brigade.

Brigadier Forman, the Chief Secretary for France and Switzerland, is paying a flying visit to London.

The Marchale conducted large meetings in Paris on Sunday and Officers' Councils on Monday and Tuesday. Later on she again visits Rouen and Havre.

IRELAND.

THE NEW IRISH P.O.—Major O'Way's successor is Major Noyce, of the Canterbury Division.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BRIGADIER HAMMOND, late of Africa, is to be Provincial Secretary for the Home Office Province.

MAJOR THONGER, late of Italy, is to be Chancellor for the Home Office Province, and D. O. of the Channel Isles. His residence will be in London.

A NEW NEW YORKER.

"Belook," speaking of the reception to Editor Millsaps at New York, says: "At last the triumphal party entered the doors of Headquarters. The entire staff was assembled. The band struck up 'Yankee Doodle.' The Staff-Captain was seated on a chair and jerked about, to the intense delight of everybody. Into the corps hall he was escorted and was properly bounced."

The Commander introduced him. He said lots of nice things about the golden West, and then said that in spite of all the things the West had done, it hadn't found a wife for the Staff-Captain. However, we had plenty of ourselves, and would try our best to supply this little deficiency. (Hurrah from everybody except the ladies.) He then announced Staff-Captain Millsaps' appointment—that of Sub-Editor-in-Chief under Major Cox, with the direct supervision of the New York War Cry.

"The Staff-Captain then spoke in a very natural manner, and said that he meant to uplift the Salvation banner wherever his General sent him, whether it be in the golden West or in the 'angelic' East."

Our Maxim Guns.

FIRED FROM THE CRUSADERS.

DAVENPORT, Wash.—We have held our first meeting. Quite a good house, and \$3.40 collection. Mr. May, the banker, kindly loaned us a store, holding \$200, a stove and fuel. We borrowed lamps, bought the oil. The saloon men, three in number, are going to close to-night, and come en masse, bringing the boys with them. Hallelujah! Quite a number, including Mr. May, have never been in a place of worship. They were with us last night and got hit pretty hard.

On our way from Crescent Prairie we stopped to water our horses, and Rev. Griffith, a U. B. minister, took us all to town, and then we had a fine prayer meeting.

Editor, I clunged this from a letter from Lieut. Morris, if it's any grist, seeing that you are after Butler with a tomahawk. F.E.S.

To the S. A.—There is a "tomahawk about it, friend. I've only been trying to make these young Salvation Fly-aways report properly.—Ed.

Holiness Witness Box.

ANOTHER DEAD MAN

Who Lives Again in Newness of Life

A TESTIMONY FOR THE TIMES.

Quite Spontaneous, having been Extracted from a Personal Letter.

BY AN AUXILIARY AND SOLDIER.

GOD HAS been teaching me in a most remarkable manner. His instruction has been practical and experimental. Even my blunders he has made to teach me. In some cases my lessons have been painfully learned. But I have always been so very grateful when I get to know my Lord's will concerning me.

—202—

The S. A. is my place for life. I must not, dare not, separate myself from it. My scruples concerning S. A. government, the human overcupping, the methods of testing, etc., have been entirely removed. It is the right way. I am satisfied that it is God's will. It is the only effective way by which we can fight sin and Satan successfully.

The deeper I get into the philosophy of S. A. work, its methods, its present and probable future results, the more convinced I become that

IT IS GOD'S MESSAGE

to a proud, rebellious, stubborn and stiff-necked people. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to God for the S. A. cannot tell you how my heart swells and my soul thrills with joyful thankfulness for every step nearer the mark for the prize. Many of the steps have been made through tribulation and intense suffering of mind. But He maketh sore and bindeth up. He woundeth and His hands make whole. If we humble ourselves under His mighty hand He will exalt us in due time. He says He has chosen us in the furnace of affliction.

Is it not delightful? When the last angel of self has been torn away; when we have been taught of Jesus to be meek and poor in spirit; when we awake to the fact that the proud, stubborn self-will is no longer part of our individuality; that instead of livings to self and being read in sin we are dead to self, to sin, to everything that separates us from our our King—that our will is the will of God, that we have a humble, lowly, contrite heart, resigned, submissive, meek, a heart from sin set free, which neither sin nor death can part from Him, for we have Christ and having Him we have life. Having died into the life of Jesus, we cannot die. How can I tell you of my joy? My heart is so full. His will is my delight. I thought I would compare with the present it was not love. Now I am teachable, preferring the least of the brethren rather than myself, willing to be servant to all, "humble," yes, humble. I can truthfully say it. While I was in authority in high or low places; willing to be despised; yes, Lord, willing to be looked upon as a fool gladly, Beloved of my soul; willing to be anything, to go anywhere.

WILLINGLY, THANKFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Love so amazing, so Divine, shall have my soul, my life, my all.

—203—

Is it not wonderful that He should notice me, the wilfully blind sceptic, the ignorant rebel, the drunkard, the child of sinners! Yet he had compassion, and using the S. A. as His instrument, I was touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness, chords that were broken now vibrate once more. Hallelujah to His dear name! He reached right down into the horrible pit and plucked me out of the murky clay of sin, and oh, wonder of wonders, He did not stop at that, but condescended to dwell in me, to purge me of dross, to refine and purify my character, my individuality, my soul, and He will continue the work till He sees in me the bright reflection of His image. I thank Him, and He tells me if I serve Him His Father will honor me, and I pray it may be

with souls, souls for my Lord. Henceforth and for life I am a Salvationist and a soldier. I've given myself to Jesus to fight under His banner in the ranks of the most despised of cross bearers. How true, "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not."

ANOTHER SELF-DENYING HERO SALVATIONIST.



The soldier who submitted to the operation is William Aston, of the Ironwood corps. "I shall hereafter greatly respect the Salvation Army," said the recovered Dr. Anderson. "Mrs. Bergman," he continued, "requested me to heal a terrible wound. This could not be done, however, unless some other person supplied the required skin. Nobody seemed willing to suffer that she might recover, but at last a young Salvationist, my soldier offered to supply what was needed, and he did it. Such love for humanity is worthy of our respect."

What will you do this S.-H. that others might benefit thereby? WHAT?

Let us all imitate Jesus. Whose life was the emblem of unselfishness, and Whose death was the embodiment of sacrifice.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

SELF-DENIAL! What a luxury to the holy soul! Sweeter than all the pleasures, treasures and ease that the world can offer. It was a joy to Christ to practice it, that the poor, rebel world may be redeemed. It is a delight to those who are sincerely His to follow Him.

Self-Denial is healthy spiritual life and advancement. Oh! how thou shalt thrive that daily practices it! It is the most profitable soil for the soul to grow in. To lose for Christ is to gain. To go down for His sake is to rise. BRIGADIER MARGRETT.

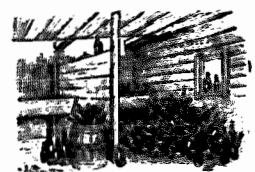
A religion without sacrifice is like the Gospel without the cross.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

Self-denial brings a sweetness into your soul and life that nothing else will bring. The rich blessing that God gives to everyone who denies self of anything to help the cause always becomes far more precious every day than the gold or silver that you give.—Major Sharp.

A Christian without self-denial is like a tree without fruit.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

If there is one scheme above another that the fishermen believe in and live out in their daily lives, it is self-denial. They glory in taking a part in moving the good old ship "SALVATION," with a few dollars to help the old chariot along.—Major Sharp.

Life lived for self is a life failure, but a life spent in helping others is a life-victory.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.



The contents of some people's letters explain why they can do nothing for S.-H.

RE-TOLD!

SELF-DENIAL AMMUNITION!

"Follow Me!"

THE GREAT conquering Caesar, it is stated, never said to his soldiers, "Go on, but 'Venite' come on, or follow me."

So it is with our great Example. While He commands, He shows us the way. "Come, follow Me," is the Divine injunction.

Meant Victory.

AT AGINCOURT it was told the commander that the forces against them were six times the number of the English troops.

"In it so?" said the captain, undismayed. "Then there are enough to be cut in pieces, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

Wanted—Salvation Spartans.

A handful of the BRAVE SPARTANS undertook to defend a pass against the whole army of Persia, so prodigious, it was asserted, that the flight of their arrows would intercept the shining of the sun.

"Who," calmly replied the fearless leader, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

Are You Afraid.

A Devilish travelling over the desert met the Choloers to whom he said, "Where are you going?" The Choloers replied, "I'm going to Haglad to kill 20,000 people." Some time afterwards the same Devilish met the Choloers returning and said, "You said you killed 20,000." "No," replied the Choloers, "I killed 20,000; fear killed the rest."

Not to be Bought.

LUTHER was remarkable for his contempt of riches. The factor of a mine offered him the produce of a mine at Snelberg, but he nobly refused it. His enemies were no strangers to his self-denial.

"When one of them asked another 'why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold,' the reply was 'THAT GERMAN BEAST REGARDS NOT MONEY.'"

How much Can You Sacrifice for the Kingdom.

A Spartan woman had five sons in the Army and was at the battle. When a soldier came running from the camp to the city, she, waiting at the gate to hear his report, asked, "What news?"

"Thy five sons are slain," said the messenger.

"I did not ask after my sons," answered she. "I asked how goes it in the field of battle?"

"Why," replied the messenger, "we have gained the victory; SPARTA IS SAFE."

"Then let us be thankful," exclaimed this self-forgetful mother, "for our deliverance and continued freedom."

"None of Self!"

A mine underneath one of the outworks of a citadel was entrusted to the charge of a sergeant and a few soldiers of the Piedmontese guards.

Several companies of the enemies' troops had made themselves masters of this work, and the loss of the place would probably soon have followed had they maintained their post in it.

The mine was charged, and a single spark would blow them all into the air. The sergeant, with the greatest coolness, ordered the soldiers to retire, desisting them to request the king to take care of his wife and children, then struck fire, set a match to the train, and SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY.

"Oh, ye Corinthians!"

A Corinthian in history, seeing his brother fall with his wounds in battle, instantly leaped over his pros-

trate body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder. Though sorely wounded meanwhile himself, he would not retreat to a place of safety till his charge was carried off the field by friends.

What a lesson this ancient heathen teacher us! Would to God Salvationists would all imitate him, and as bravely and tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation or dying honor of an absent or defenceless brother!

He Did Not Deny Self!

TEN YEARS' DISOBEDIENCE.

A Retrospect.

(Signed "DISOBEDIENT.")

I WONDER whether there has been anyone who has attended these recent meetings at Toronto who has had such a painfully hard experience as I have had.

I pray not! But I am at these meetings, night after night, my whole life and its connection with the Salvation Army came vividly before me.

What an experience! Ten years of disobedience to God, I cannot be, and yet it is even more than that!

Meeting the Army in my own home in Scotland, watching closely the soldiers' lives because of the high standard of Christian experience that they preached, volunteering for the work, my first open disobedience, having to leave my own comfortable home because the thought so haunted me, and all my experience since. Oh, the bitterness of it all!

Since first I met them I have travelled well-nigh round the world trying to find rest, but, like Noah's dove, I have found no resting place for my foot. Occupying positions of influence and responsibility, but able to obtain

NOT ONE GRAIN OF SATISFACTION!

And then comes this series of meetings, which I did not seem able to keep away from, in spite of the fact that they brought nothing to me but UNREST.

Oh Colonel Holland, you little know all that you have caused in this poor heart of mine since you showed me the ultimate result of my continued disobedience to God!

What shall the end be? God Himself knows! You, I am willing that God should indeed have all my time.

But I am not willing that it shall be in the Salvation Army.

It is not my trouble, and all my trouble, I try to make excuses, too, but it should not be, but I have as yet been unable to get one that in any way answers my purpose. And what

A STRANGE FOREBODING

this is that comes to me, and tells me that God shall yet, by His Own means, bring me into this work, the place He has specially chosen for me.

What is my purpose in writing this? Simply to tell those who have just begun a life of disobedience, possibly just since they have been told to place, that there will be no pleasure in this life at all, no matter what your advantages are, socially or financially, unless you yield yourselves to Him as His Spirit leads.

Here I sit, in a position which would doubtless satisfy most young men of my own years, and yet in the morning I cry, "Would to God it were this evening," and when evening comes, "Would to God it were the morning." Can anyone conceive of a more wretched experience?

But I cannot write more; my heart is very, very sad, and the tears rush into my eyes, so I leave you with the prayer that my own experience may not be repeated in your life, for the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

Will you look at Jesus, at His life of care?

Will you call Him your Master and King?

In His cup of suffering will you gladly share, All you have to His feet will you bring?

SELF

DID NOT COUNT HERE.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster who had been arrested for reading the Bible was asked, "Do you not love your wife and children, and will you not recant for their sake?" "God knows," was the brave reply, "that if the cause were gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would willingly part with them to have my wife and children with me; yet neither for life, nor wife, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce my Redeemer. The cost for him was all life held dear."

ONE DAY, in going the round of the trenches, General Gordon heard a corporal and a sapper of engineers in violent altercation. He stopped to ask what was the matter, when he learned that the corporal was engaged placing some fresh gabions in the battery, and that the corporal had ordered the sapper to stand up on the parapet, where he was exposed to the enemy's fire, while the corporal, in the full shelter of the battery, handed the baskets up to him. Gordon at once jumped up to the parapet, ordering the corporal to join him, while the sapper handed them the gabions. When the work was done and done under the fire of the watchful Russian gunners, Gordon turned to the corporal and said, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself."

"The prayer ended, Brown, turning to his wife, reminded her that the time had come which he had spoken of when he was married, and asked her if she could part with him. 'Willingly,' she said, on which Brown said, 'This is all I desire. I have now nothing more to do than to die.' Kissing her and the children with throbbing heart and uttering his prayer, 'May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you!' 'No more of this,' broke out Claverhouse, as though doubting his own power of self-command. 'You six dragons, fire on the fanatic!' They stood like statues, as if entranced; on which Claverhouse, snatching a pistol from his belt, shot Brown thro' the head, his brains spurting out. The wife and her mother and husband as he fell. 'What think ye of your husband now?' said Claverhouse. 'I aye thought much of him, sir, but never so much as I do this day,' was the reply."

WHAT A LITTLE HAND DID.—On the 25th of November, 1888, a number of men were engaged to a vessel which was stranded off Cape Horn. An attempt was made to reach them by firing the Hunt gun, and so send a line to the doomed vessel to connect it with the shore. The attempt was in vain. The powder was damp, and the gun did not go off. They could be done? Time was precious. It was not easy to draw the charge, and who knew but the fire might be smouldering and working its way in, might yet explode the powder at any moment? Mr. Sarah Cogan, the recently married, nineteen-year-old daughter of John C. Hayes, of Hull, was the only person in the crowd whose hand was small enough to go into the barrel of the gun; and though to put it in there was to run the risk of having it blown to fragments, yet she thrust in her arm and removed the damp powder, so that the vessel could do its work, and so communication was opened with the vessel, and some fifteen lives were saved. Well, there are many little hands that have done work which no one else could do, and which has never received a reward; but the Lord keeps record of it all, and when He rewards the gift of a cup of cold water, He will not forget the work that has been done by little hands (Matt. x. 42).

HOW A LADY STOPPED THE CURFEW.—In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offence was condemned, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited while the curfew bell rang, for the signal from the distant bell-tower. To the wonder of everybody it did not

ring! A young lady, to whom he was engaged, had rushed up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft, and seized the tongue of the bell. The sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal mistake, and when he saw the woman on the top, and the bell, obedient to his practised hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips. Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every stroke made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window; but she would not let go. At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf, he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal; the brave girl descended from the belfry, surrounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.

"At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn, and, as she spoke, her eyes were full with guard with the anguish it had worn. Touched his heart with sudden pity: 'Lit his eyes with misty light—' 'Go, your lover lives,' cried Cromwell, 'the curfew shall not ring to-night.'"

ALL THRO' THE SOUP.

Self-Denial Helps Provide the Songs.

"Yes, I am out of jail, but I guess I will get in before night," said a man. His friend told him that he ought to try and not get in again, and the poor old fellow said to him, "Well, what is a fellow to do? Everybody knows a jail-bird; what chance has he got? Prison is my only home." "Well," said his mate, "I know some people who will help you—the Salvation Army." "What's that?" said the poor old man. "Well," said the other, "they are religious people." "Scottie gave a long, low whistle, and said, 'I don't take no stock in religion.' " "Well," said his friend, "they're awful good religious people; they're not the kind that stuff you with sermons. They give you soup first and the sermons after." So Scottie agreed to go, and I saw him, leading the soup into his mouth, and between the mouthful of soup he said, "Well, Governor, I don't know much about your religion, but your soup is awful good." He was soon saved and wearing the Salvation Army greenery, and it was not long before he was in that Shelter as a leader of other men. Seventy years ago when saved, and he tells us today how he never would have come to us if it had not been for the soup.

MOOSEJAW, N. W. T.—Officers, soldiers, old and new converts, are all standing firm in the strength of Jehovah. Great interest is being taken in our meetings, the spirit of dealing with the unsaved, and altogether we are having a good time with the Lord. We love to fight for God, and although many times the conflict is severe, "we press toward the mark." "We are not one high calling of God." We are not one discouraged.—J. H. Middagh, for Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. Anderson.

SYDNEY, C.E.—Some have boldly sought salvation at the penitential-fountain. Many have raised their hands for prayer, and many have been from Adjutant Gage, which was much enjoyed by the Sydney people. We have also had the privilege of having Capt. Captain and Mrs. Thompson, two of the best soldiers, with us for a few days, and they were very much enjoyed by the Sydney people. We have also had the privilege of having Capt. Captain and Mrs. Thompson (see Capt. Hopkins) gave her life's experience, which was interesting and edifying. These comrades have the best wishes of the Sydney people. We trust that God will make them a great blessing wherever they go. We are getting ready for Self-Denial. Everybody will do their part. We expect to come off with flying colors.—W.A.S.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who is willing to fight when he's sure of losing.—Ed. Elliot.

